

Agglomeration

by ThePlottingHousewife

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Summary: A collection of drabbles and ficlets. Yaoi pairings. Rating may be subject to change.

1. Mission Accepted

Pairings: Trowa/Quatre

Type: Yaoi, Humor

Rating: T+

Warnings: None

_Summary: __Trowa's been distracted lately. Heero gives him a new mission in the hopes it will solve this little problem._

* * *

><p>Mission Accepted.

"_Helloooo_. Hey, Tro. You listening to me?"

"Hm?"

Duo dropped the explosive down the air shaft and turned to him. "I _said_, you might want to cover your ears unless you want to be totally deaf before the age of thirty." Duo's hands rose up to cover his own ears and Trowa, snapping out of his musings, did the same. The blast rocked the compound, shaking the walls. Dust rained down onto their heads and they coughed as they inhaled the particulates. Duo grinned. "Now, _that's_ a wake up call," he quipped.

At the end of the corridor, OZ soldiers ran by, weapons in hand, shouting, "We're under attack! Get to your stations!"

"Gee, you think?" Duo cocked his gun and graced Trowa with a lopsided smirk. "Are you finished mooning over Blondie?"

"I'm not mooning."

"Yeah, and I'm Relena Peacecraft. Shall we?"

"After you."

Duo grinned, Shinigami activated. He tore off down the corridor, screaming war cries at the top of his lungs. "Come get some of this shit, Ozzy scum!"

Trowa rolled his eyes and took off after him, pushing the images of blond hair and sparkling blue eyes out of his mind with more effort than it should have taken. This was quickly becoming a disturbing pattern...

* * *

><p>Heero eyed him across the table that they used for debriefings and Trowa knew he was in for some shit. "You nearly compromised the mission."<p>

"I'm sorry."

Heero leaned back in his chair, blue eyes gleaming. "May I ask why?" Though Trowa suspected he already knew.

"I was...preoccupied."

"With what?"

Trowa glanced up at him, not really wanting to answer that. "Personal matters."

Heero tapped the end of his stylus against the table top. The room was silent but for that and the slight whistle as Heero breathed steadily through his nose. "Do I need to go over the importance of not mixing professional and personal business...again?"

"No. No, I - it won't happen again."

Heero knew he understood. He nodded once and stood up. "I have no tolerance for liabilities. I do not have the time, or the desire to worry about whether, or not my soldiers are too busy worrying about their personal lives when they should be focusing on the mission."

"I know. I apologize for that. It will not happen again."

"See that it doesn't. Dismissed."

Trowa stood, blushing despite himself, and headed towards the door.

"Trowa."

He turned back and waited.

"I'm not usually one to take Duo's advice, but in this case, I agree with him. You need to get laid."

Trowa coughed. "Excuse me?"

Heero's dark brows were drawn low over razor sharp eyes. "Did I stutter?"

"Uh...no. I'll uh - I'll keep that in mind." He left quickly, face flushed with heat. Did Heero Yuy, Mr. Perfect Soldier just tell him he needed to get laid? What the hell kind of worm hole did he step through to end up in this strange and frightening universe?

Then again, it was sound advice and his groin gave a twitch, almost as if it was saying, _He's got a point_. He pivoted on his heel and headed down towards the barracks, purpose in every step. He stopped in front of one of the doors and rang the buzzer. The door slid open, revealing the cheerful face of the one who'd been occupying his mind, not to mention fucking up his ability to focus on his job.

"Trowa, hi. What's up?"

Trowa stepped inside and pressed the button, closing the door behind him. Quatre's eyes widened.

"Is everything alright?"

Instead of answering, Trowa lunged forward and scooped the little blond up into his arms, kissing him hard and thorough. He lifted his head and gazed into pleasantly surprised eyes.

"I have a new mission."

"What do you have to do?"

"You."

2. Dressed To Kill

Pairings: Trowa/Quatre

Type: Yaoi, Humor

Rating: T+

Warnings: None

_Summary: __The flames from the fireplace reflected off the shiny black Lycra like the tongue of a serpent. The smooth, sensual curves invoked the eyes to stare and the hands to touch, but there was only one man allowed to lay his hands upon the flesh of sinful temptation._

* * *

><p>Dressed To Kill

Sniper Red, are we good to go?

Sniper Red, good to go.

Sniper Blue, are we good to go?

Sniper Blue, good to go.

Sniper Green, are we good to go?

"Sniper Green, good to go. Watch for the decoy."

Roger that.

The sound of gunshots echoed throughout the mansion and Trowa cursed.
"Cancel that. Decoy's been compromised. I'm going in."

Sniper Green, you will remain in your position, do you copy? You will remain in your position. That's an order!

Good luck getting him to listen. He's gone rogue.

Trowa scaled the building, weapon at the ready. The gunshots had ceased. He crept up the stairs and silently inched his way inside, ears straining for any sounds, something that might indicate a sign of life. His body thrummed with adrenaline, desperate to find the decoy and make sure he was safe, hindsight making him kick himself for deciding to go along with this travesty of a plan.

The sting involved the taking down of a prostitution ring that was snatching young men off the street and turning them into sex slaves. Quatre was selected to infiltrate and act as a decoy to "entertain" the criminals while the response team surrounded the premises. Something went wrong and now Trowa was desperate to find his love and make sure he was okay.

There was an odd tapping sound to his left and Trowa followed it, sliding along the wall. He jumped through the doorway, instantly dropping his weapon in utter shock. The criminals were scattered around the room, bleeding from multiple gunshot wounds. In the center stood Quatre, in full costume, foot tapping impatiently. The flames from the fireplace reflected off the shiny black Lycra like the tongue of a serpent. The smooth, sensual curves of his body invoked the eyes to stare and the hands to touch, but there was only one man allowed to lay his hands upon the flesh of sinful temptation.

Quatre glanced over at him with calm eyes and blew the smoking muzzle of his gun with lips as iniquitous as Satan himself.

"What took you so long?"

3. The Beauty of Death

Pairings: Heero/Duo, Trowa/Quatre

Type: Humor

Rating: T+

Warnings: Post mortem/undead Duo and Quatre, inspired by one of my favorite films, Death Becomes Her

_Summary: __Duo and Quatre argue over the double entendre of the phrase 'The Beauty of Death'._

* * *

><p>The Beauty of Death

"It means literally what it says, man. The Beauty of Death. I am Death. It's the beauty of _me._"

"God, Duo. Can you be any more conceited? You are not Death. You are human. We are both beautiful and we are both _dead._"

"I'm dead because you stuck a pick ax through my neck, you blond twit."

"You had it coming. Do you not see this hole in my chest? You put that there. With a curtain rod, I might add."

Duo smirked. "Yeah, that was a good one."

Quatre rolled his eyes. "You're such an ass."

"But I'm a beautiful ass."

"Keep telling yourself that."

"You know, I'm of half a mind to put another hole in you."

"Bring it on." The blond picked up a poker from the rack next to the fireplace and practiced his swing. "I'll knock your head clean off and hang it by your braid from the banister."

Duo's eyes were huge. "You wouldn't _dare_."

"Try me."

"Alright. This isn't going to get us anywhere. Why don't you just agree that I'm right and we'll call it even."

Quatre set the tip of the poker on the floor and leaned on it with one hand. "You really want to be a talking head?"

"Bah. Heero will stitch it back on for me, won't you, Hee-chan?"

Heero was sitting on a nearby couch, sharing a bowl of popcorn with Trowa. "Don't bring me into this."

Duo pouted. "Some supportive boyfriend you are."

Heero relented. "Okay, how about this. Quatre, if you knock Duo's head off, it'll be your responsibility to stitch it back on."

The blond grimaced. "_Ew_...no."

"Well, then you can't decapitate him."

"_Trowa_ -"

"Sorry, babe. You knock it, you stitch it."

Quatre threw the poker down, sulking, and glared when Duo stuck his tongue out.

"That goes for you, too, Duo."

"Damn. Okay, but can you please settle this once and for all? What does The Beauty of Death mean?"

"Like I said. Don't involved me in this. Trowa?"

Trowa shrugged. "I really don't care." He stuck a piece of popcorn into his mouth and smiled. "I'm just enjoying the show."

4. Fallout

Pairings: None

Type: Tragedy, apocalypse

Rating: T+

Warnings: End of the world.

_Summary: __They were in space when it happened. Someone had initiated Operation Meteor. Now, they were left to deal with the fallout.__

* * *

><p>Fallout

The colonies were in an uproar. Emergency disaster protocols were put into effect, Martial Law initiated. Someone had triggered Operation Meteor. Colony L4 3991 was sent on a collision course with Earth. It was an extinction level event. The impact struck with the force of ninety megatons of TNT, causing a crater that was three thousand miles in diameter. It boiled away lakes and oceans and caused the Earth's crust to crack, triggering massive quakes and volcanic eruptions.

The entire planet was now completely covered with smoke and ash with occasional explosions disrupting the thick clouds. The remaining colonies probed the atmosphere and beneath, looking for any signs of life, but it was a fruitless endeavor. What the blast and subsequent quakes didn't kill, the toxic gas and ash would suffocate any remaining forms of life. All reports led back to the same conclusion.

No survivors.

Every living thing on the planet was either incinerated, crushed from the shifting plates of the Earth's surface, or were snuffed out by the poisoned atmosphere. Even plant life had been destroyed.

The Earth was uninhabitable.

Soon, the demand for who was responsible spread like wildfire from one colony to the next. Heads were going to roll. And roll they did. The head of the ESUN security committee and staunch supporter of the scrapped military project had pressed the button. He was executed, publicly, via a televised event.

"This is our fault," said Quatre, who sat at the conference table with his head in his hands.

"Quat, it's not our fault." Duo tried to reassure him, though he was having doubts himself.

"How is it not? We were a part of that -"

"We were against that!"

Heero sat in the corner and for the first time in his life, fidgeted. He drummed his fingers on his knee in agitation, staring off into space. He was in shock. They all were. "The information was too easily accessible. We should have destroyed it."

"It was classified above Top Secret!"

Wufei spoke up. "And even then, it was accessed. Yuy's right. The documents should have been destroyed." He turned and punched the metal wall, leaving a sizable dent. "Stupid!"

Duo leaned his head back, eyes blinking back tears. "Too late to do anything about it now. The worst has already happened."

* * *

><p>Two years later...

The five of them set down on the surface of the cold, barren wasteland that was once a planet full of life and thriving civilization. The atmosphere had cleared some, but was still toxic with residual gas. They stepped out of the craft, in full protective spacesuits and looked around, taking in the still smoking remnants of New York City.

Quatre bent down and grabbed a handful of dirt, sifting through it with his finger. "The soil's still radioactive. It's still too early to terraform."

"It'll take a few more years for that. But we can begin rebuilding," said Heero.

Duo kicked away what looked the remains of a car bumper. It broke apart instantly, collapsing into a pile of dust. He gazed up through the hazy sky at the sun, still dim through the thick, soupy air. "How does one rebuild a planet?"

"One day at a time. It's the best we can do."

"You guys realize we're the first people to step foot here since the fallout."

Heero nodded, "Yeah. So let's make it count."

5. Ricochet

Pairings: Heero/Relena, Duo/Hilde, Trowa/Quatre

Type: Tragedy

Rating: T+

Warnings: Major character death (but they die peacefully of old age)

_Summary: __It was a domino effect. When one went down, the rest followed.__

* * *

><p>Ricochet

No one could say the Gundam pilots hadn't lived a full life. It was enriched with experience, wisdom, adventure, strife, and even love. Still, that didn't make their deaths any easier to take.

No one could be sure why it happened the way it did, but when one went down, the rest followed. One after the other in the span of a week.

Wufei had been fine the day before. Still a stickler for fitness, eating healthy, and routine meditation, he was still teaching his classes at the ripe old age of eighty three. The following morning, he dropped like a ton of bricks, dead before he hit the ground. The autopsy revealed sudden kidney failure as the culprit.

They hadn't even begun planning the funeral when the following night, Quatre died in his sleep. It was sudden cardiac death. His heart simply just stopped. Relena got the teary call from his partner and lover, Trowa.

Duo had come down with the flu the following day and by the next morning, he was also gone. Hilde had been heartbroken, Duo Jr. solemn as he informed her that her ex-husband had passed.

Two days later, Trowa dropped while at the funeral parlor. Some said it was from a broken heart. Katherine and her husband, Trowa Phobos, took over the funeral planning for both of them.

Heero lasted another two days, but he was off during that time, distant. Relena thought it was because of the grief. Maybe it was, but she later suspected that her husband somehow knew his own death was coming. She'd felt it, too, though neither of them spoke of it. She brought him tea as he sat silently in the library looking through an old photo book. Pictures of the pilots together in their youth, as successful middle aged men, of their families, their children and grandchildren. He was unusually quiet and she didn't push him to talk about it. She just fixed him his tea, made him sandwiches, and rubbed his shoulders, all the while, her heart screamed that something was terribly wrong.

She believed Heero knew his time had come and he'd accepted it. He was tired. Just so damn tired. He'd lived his life and he'd made a

wonderful one. Now, it was time to make room for the next generation.

She found him later in the afternoon slumped over in his favorite chair, the photo book open on his lap, his hand laid over one of the pictures. She lifted it and saw that it was a photo of all the pilots together at the end of the Eve Wars. They were only seventeen, with a full life still ahead of them. Relena had taken the photo herself, had to pull teeth to get Heero and Wufei to pose for it.

Smoothing her husband's hair back, she leaned down and kissed his head. She blinked back tears as she whispered, "Go to them. They're waiting for you. I won't be too far behind, but it's not my time yet. I'll see you again someday, but for now, I must look after our family. Be at peace now, darling. I love you."

She went to bed that night with his wedding ring tucked in her palm. She didn't weep. There was no need to. She would see him again soon, her own life coming to a close. But, for now, she had their children and grandchildren to think about and she had to be strong for them.

She'd always known the pilots had some sort of special connection. Something she was never truly able to comprehend. And she didn't really try. It was something precious and it was something that didn't involve her. Even when they'd gone their separate ways to live their own lives, they always seemed to know when one was in distress. Looking back on it, it wasn't surprising that with one death, the effect upon all of them would ricochet, bouncing from one pilot to the next.

In that sense, there was a beauty in how they died. Quick, painless, and together. The unusual, but felicitous phenomenon was almost poetic, melodious in nature. It simply couldn't have, wouldn't have happened any other way.

6. Not Another Fairy Tale!

Pairings: Heero/Relena, Trowa/Quatre, Duo/Wufei

Type: Fantasy, humor

Rating: T+

Warnings: It's dumb. I'm sorry.

_Summary: Princess Relena's been kidnapped. Five young faerie warriors take on the evil wizard to bring her back safely. It's staring to get old. _

* * *

><p>Not Another Fairy Tale!

Once upon a time, there was a magical land called Sanq. It was a richly beautiful woodland place full of castles and faeries, goblins and trolls, wise old wizards, and evil sorceresses. Valiant knights battled fire-breathing dragons, rescued princesses from their towers, asked for their hands in marriage, and lived happily ever after.

Oh, wait. Wrong story.

Okay, here we go. It was a typical night in Sang and deep within a moss-laden burrow, four young faerie warriors were lounging around drinking magical faerie ale and smoking from the enchanted pipe.

One faerie, a spritely one who went by the name of Duo, propped his pointed shoe'd feet on his lover's lap as he inhaled the sweet vapors of the mystic ganja. He leaned his head back on the puffy cushions of the sofa and closed his eyes. "Now, this is the life. Zechs wasn't kidding when he said he got the good stuff." He blew a smoke ring into Wufei's face.

Wufei's wings fluttered and he coughed as he reached for the pipe. "You're such a pothead."

Duo snorted and poked a toe into Wufei's belly. "But you love me."

Another faerie, named Trowa, was seated across the room with his blond lover who was reclining against him. "You going to share that?"

"No," said Duo.

Wufei shoved Duo's feet off his lap, the bells on his toes tinkling as they dropped to the floor, and leaned forward to hand Trowa the pipe.

"Why is the cave full of butterflies?" asked the small blond who was named Quatre.

Duo snickered as Trowa leaned down and kissed the top of the faerie's head. "There are no butterflies in here, love."

"There are, though," the blond insisted. "There and there and there..." he pointed from one empty spot in the room to another.

"Quat, you are high as a kite." said Duo, laughing.

"M'not high...what's a kite?"

"It's a diamond shaped object that you tie a string to and fly through the air," Trowa explained.

"Ooh! I want a kite!"

"Maybe we can make one, okay?"

The faerie warriors' leader, a fierce and intense faerie named Heero, stuck his head through the opening of the cave. "Oh for Venus' sake. Are you guys stoned?"

"No," they all said defensively.

Heero's brows lowered over his eyes. "You are. And you need to sober up. We've got a mission."

A collective groan sounded throughout the room. Duo gazed at Heero with bleary eyes as he took another token from the pipe. "Lemme guess. Relena's been kidnapped."

Heero had the gall to look surprised. "How did you know?"

"Because she gets kidnapped at least once a week! How does someone get kidnapped that much?"

"Heero! Do you see the butterflies?"

"Butterfly - what?" Heero glanced up at Trowa who shook his head and made a gesture that said, "Ignore him. He's high."

He turned back to Duo. "She gets kidnapped because she's a princess and this is a fairy tale and that's what happens in fairy tales. I don't make the rules, Duo. "Okay?"

"Sheesh. Okay."

"Now, sober up. We've got work to do."

The tipsy faeries got up reluctantly, struggling into their armor with dizzy heads and unsteady feet. Wufei grumbled as he clasped Duo's armor closed in the back, with some difficulty. "You need to lay off that troll cake."

"Hey! Be nice," Duo pouted. "That troll cake is good, okay?"

"If you didn't smoke so much, you wouldn't get the munchies, you wouldn't crave the troll cake, and I wouldn't be having a hard time getting your armor on."

Duo shrugged and picked up a tiny iced cake from a plate on the table. "My armor must have shrunk in the wash. S'not my fault the trolls are good at baking."

Wufei snorted, "Yeah, and so are you." He slapped the cake out of Duo's hand and gave his lover a stern look. Duo turned purple puppy eyes on him. "And don't look at me like that. I'm not making you another set. No more cakes for a while."

"But Fei..."

"No buts." He picked up the plate, stashing the cakes in a cabinet. He locked it with a padlock and turned to get his own armor on.

Duo smirked. His lover could be dense sometimes. He patted his head where a set of lock picks was located in his long braid along with a myriad of other things that defied the laws of physics.

Heero stuck his head back in. "Let's go! The princess is not going to rescue herself."

They all slunk to the door and stepped out, grumbling under their breath.

"I was having such a nice relaxing evening," said Duo.

"I hate fairy tales," muttered Wufei.

"Why can't we fly there?" asked Quatre.

"Because, love. Our wings aren't built for that."

Quatre shot Trowa a perplexed look. "Then what are they built for?"

Trowa shrugged. "They're aesthetic. It's for the fangirls."

"Who?"

"Never mind."

So, the five young faerie warriors rescued the princess from the evil wizard, Treize...again. They were dirty and bloody and tired as they flopped down onto the thick grass and watched Heero smile as he swept Relena up into his arms and asked her to marry him. She pressed the back of her hand against her forehead in a dramatic fashion and said, "I don't know...my father..."

"Oh, for Jupiter's sake, enough already! Just say "yes". Queens never get kidnapped," Wufei barked and the other three nodded in agreement, eyes desperate.

"Well then...yes. Yes, I will marry you!" They kissed passionately and Duo closed his eyes in relief.

"Thank the gods that's over."

7. Agglomeration

Pairings: Heero/Duo, Trowa/Quatre, Treize/Zechs, Zechs/Wufei, Treize/Gundam Pilots

Type: Dark, Angst, Drama, Yaoi, Death

Rating: M

Warnings: Very dark, Slavery, Bondage, Voyuerism, Graphic Violence, Non-Graphic Noncon

_Summary: __Alternate Universe. The colonies lost the war and Treize's faction reigns supreme. He takes the Gundam pilots for his own personal collection._

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><p>Agglomeration

agÂ·glomÂ·erÂ·aÂ·tion

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noun

1) a mass, or a collection of things, an assemblage

His most resplendent collection by far. He'd always been quite the connoisseur for rare and beautiful things, but the idea to collect people was his newest stroke of genius. When the Gundam pilots, such extraordinary and breathtaking specimens, works of art they were, were initially going to be executed for war crimes when the colonies lost the final battle, Treize immediately placed a stay and put in a public bid for ownership of the prisoners of war. The only thing more beautiful than the Gundam pilots, was the Gundam pilots in chains.

And they were all his. Such unique and exquisite creatures, anomalies of the human race in strength, agility, endurance, intelligence, and loveliness. Each held their own exclusive allure. An allure that stoked the fires deep within Treize's core.

Oh, but they fought him. They fought him tooth and nail and he reveled in the struggle. They kicked and punched, clawed and bit, and he'd walked away numerous times covered in bruises, scratches, and teeth marks.

After all, it wasn't easy to tame that which was wild. Teaching creatures that had once been free and so delightfully savage to submit was not an easy task. But, that was just part of the fun in Treize's opinion.

Zechs was furious. Of course he was. The man had a conscience, something Treize never had much use for. But he was too beautiful to let go and he was obedient, despite instigating dozens of arguments about the atrocity of owning human beings. That Treize should just execute them, that they would prefer that over slavery was just bewildering to him. To end the lives of such exquisite creatures, a crime in itself.

They all had their own individual features and temperaments that Treize found fascinating and loved to explore them, pushing his pets to their limits. They had their own names, designated by him and he thought them quite fitting.

Pilot 01 he loved to call his Perfect Soldier. For that was what he'd been and though he was wild, almost feral in the beginning, his long-standing years of training eventually kicked in. Finely tuned soldier instincts taking over for the sake of self-preservation. To live to fight another day. He followed Treize's orders like a good little sycophant, whether it was to kneel at Treize's feet, or spread his legs. It didn't take as long as he'd anticipated, but the breaking of him was a sight to behold. The strong, wiry body that could bend steel, going lax with submission beneath his own was like being one with the Divine.

Pilot 02 was a feisty little devil, even more feral than Treize's Perfect Soldier. He'd already had his own alter ego when Treize gained possession of him and Treize let him keep it. It was the least he could do. So the boy thought he was the God of Death, so he became Treize's God of Death. It hadn't been easy to overpower him and it had taken hours upon hours of training to break him of his nasty biting habit, but by the stars, did he look beautiful laid out on Treize's auberjean silk sheets, hair spread out beneath him like a cascading waterfall of chestnuts.

Pilot 03 nearly broke his neck a few times. He never said a word, and he could hide like a ninja, taking Treize by surprise by silently leaping out from the dark shadows of his chambers and jumping on his back, deft hands twisting his head almost clean off. His Silencer was magnificent in every way. His physique was celestial and the beauty of those green eyes as Treize watched him break was almost regretful. Almost.

Pilot 04 took him by surprise. Not only because he was the only son of the prominent Winner family, but also because he didn't look capable of throwing a punch, let alone piloting a Gundam. He was proven delightfully wrong when he'd pinned the lovely boy down, only to have a few of his teeth knocked loose by a headbutt that made his head spin for hours afterwards. He spat out the blood that collected in his mouth and devoured the struggling blond beneath him. His Desert Rose was breathtaking and barbed with thorns that could pierce a man's heart.

Pilot 05 was his most fiery treasure of all. Like a powerful Dragon, spitting rage and fire and brimstone, cursing him to every level of Hell and back. His golden skin was bewitching when his muscles flexed beneath it as he squirmed and hissed, raking jagged nails down Treize's chest. The black silk curtain of his hair spilled about his shoulders like a demonic halo and his black eyes gleamed with the promise of endless painful deaths. When his burning spirit broke, dying down to mere embers, it was a tragedy that Treize savored.

He not only made love to them, but he enjoyed watching them make love to each other. Watching them weep as they were forced into acts they didn't wish to do made his black heart sing with bliss. He watched them come together in comfort, an unbreakable unit of love. To see his Perfect Soldier's head bob in his God of Death's lap, or to see his Silencer's hips thrust between the thighs of his Desert Rose, his Lightning Count press into his Dragon from behind, made him feel Godly, coming home to his Kingdom of Glory.

They'd been thoroughly broken. They were his perfect, obedient little toys as they lounged at his feet, their skin shimmering in the candlelight beneath the gleam of their jeweled collars. They no longer needed chains as his pets learned their places, sitting demurely on their silken cushions with their legs curled beneath them as he fed them scraps from the dinner table with his fingers. They no longer needed guidance as they learned what to do and how to do it.

It left Treize feeling melancholic, empty. The fight in their eyes, in their bodies, faded as they took him inside them with fluttering eyelids and sighs of pleasure. He hated to admit it, but he missed the battles. The struggle. He'd taken monsters and turned them into obedient dogs and God help him, he longed for those monsters. He'd done what he'd set out to do and was consumed by regret.

It wasn't until several months later when he'd walked into his chambers after a long day, looking forward to some much-needed downtime with his pets and discovered Zechs lying on the floor, a pool of blood beneath his head, that he realized he'd been played for a fool. A moment later, a strike to the head brought him to his knees, then another dropped him to the floor, his jaw striking the cold marble and snapping instantly. He dizzily rolled to his side and gazed up at his boys, his harem, as they stood over him, and he saw

the fire. The fire in their eyes that he thought he'd doused, burning hotter than ever, and ready for his blood.

As he watched his Perfect Soldier raise the marble bust of his own likeness, he couldn't help the small curl of his lips as he tried to smile around his broken jaw. He gurgled a laugh through the blood in his throat, coughed, and rasped, "There you are. I was afraid I'd broken you."

His Desert Rose leaned forward, his eyes like a tropical ocean on a hot summer day, gleamed with the light and the fight he'd never actually lost. "_No one_ can break us. Not even you."

He smiled around his bloody teeth and the last thing he saw as his Perfect Soldier brought the statue down on his head were his beautiful, ferocious pets looking down at him as he thought, "_No, they aren't more beautiful in chains. Their beauty comes from being wild and free. _

The bust collided with his face, breaking delicate bones on impact and ending the thoughts of the mind contained within, only a final fleeting notion lingered before it disappeared forever.

Justice has been served.

8. Ice

Pairings: Une/Treize (one-sided), Treize/Zechs

Type: Drama, Angst, Introspective, Death, Het, Yaoi

Rating: M

Warnings: None

_Summary: __They called her icy. Frigid. Little did they know, she wasn't the frozen one._

* * *

><p>Ice

They called her icy. Frigid. Little did they know, she wasn't the frozen one.

Oh, he was warm. He could be very warm when he wanted something from her. Namely to carry out some whim, or another. He knew she idolized him. He knew she was deeply in love with him and he used that to his advantage. He knew how to work her body and get her craving for more. A kiss to her hand, one that would move to her cheek, down her throat to the top of her breasts that peeked out from the gap in her blouse, savoring the hitch of breath that it evoked.

He would make love to her with exquisite gentleness, burring soft vowels into the space between her legs as he kissed her most intimate places. Pulling a swollen nipple into his mouth as he drove himself inside her, making her cry out in ecstasy. Cry out in love. Love that was so painful, yet she was so helpless to put a stop to it as he rolled over and feigned sleep, leaving her to clean the remnants of

his passion off her skin. Done with her until the next time he needed her to do his bidding.

He never kissed her mouth. Not even once. No, he reserved that for someone else. Someone just as icy as he. In that, the two bastards deserved each other. She caught them making love once when she'd gone to his chambers to deliver her reports. She peeked through the crack in the door, heart breaking as she watched the man she'd promised her life to, her soul to, thrusting between the powerful thighs of his general. Those lips she'd dreamed would caress her own, connected to the other man's, kissing him with an ardor she'd never seen him direct towards her.

The cracks and fissures that her heart suffered that night froze with tiny crystals of icy, hateful resentment. That the man she'd devoted her life to could just give his love to another, someone who could never love him like she could, consumed her with an abhorrence unlike anything she'd ever felt before. It filled the nooks and crannies of her body like frozen diamonds, harder than Gundanium, coating her bones in glaciers of loathing.

And while her body, heart, and mind seemed encased in ice, the one she loved was made from it. Built from the most frigid layers of Hell right down to his mitochondria. Unlike her, he'd never been warm. Callous, cold, uncaring but for that sniveling sycophant who was only waiting for his moment to stab the man she loved in the back.

It was a precious kind of irony that things turned out the way they did. While her love had indeed been stabbed, it hadn't been by the one she'd believed would do it. Rather, it had been a child instead. She stepped towards the coffin and laid one single red rose across the ebony top and brushed a finger along the side.

"You could have had it all, you fool. But you were too blind to see. Too blinded by your own arrogance to understand. Now, I am free. Free of you, my love." She leaned down until her face hovered over his cold, embalmed one. "May you rot for all eternity. Wherever you are." She pressed her lips against his, shivering with revulsion at the chilled, clay-like texture of his mouth. "You owed me that," she whispered.

She turned and walked away, never once looking back.

9. Hot To Trot

Pairings: Heero/Duo, Trowa/Quatre

Type: Humor, Yaoi

Rating: T+

Warnings: None

_Summary: __Construction worker!Duo and Quat. While working with the other hard hats on rebuilding the colonies, Duo and Quatre take the job requirements a little too seriously.__

* * *

><p>Hot To Trot

"Woo! Now that's a nice booty!" Duo whistled as a young, meaty construction worker walked by, metal beams resting on one shoulder. He shot the two boys who were seated on the brick ledge an odd look and continued on his way.

"Yeah, I'd like to buy him a coffee!"

Duo sideeyed his friend, but said nothing. Another sexy piece passed by them and he wagged his tongue. "Hey baby, where you goin'? Don't you want some of this?" He lifted his hips off the ledge. "Yeah, I got more where that came from."

"You're hotter than a cup of Earl Grey!"

Duo sighed. "Seriously, dude?"

"What?"

Another tall drink of water walked by and Duo turned around on the ledge, presenting his ass. "How'd you like a piece of this, baby?"

"Hey, maybe we can go get a glass of lemonade sometime. Would you like that?"

Duo turned back around and sat down on the ledge. "Honestly, Quat. You suck at this."

"Wh - no, I don't!"

Two boys walked by, their shirts off, their sweaty, toned torsos streaked with dirt. Duo smirked.

"Hey, sweet things. Need a ride? I got one right here."

They paused in front of the grinning boys. Heero placed his hands on his hips. "What the hell are you two doing?"

They shot him twin looks of adorable confusion. "Whaddya mean?"

"Why are you cat-calling the other workers?"

Quatre cocked his head cutely. "We're construction workers. Isn't that what they do?"

Trowa snickered and reached for his boyfriend. "Only in the movies, love. Come on down from there." Quatre pouted but jumped down into Trowa's arms.

Heero offered his hand to Duo. "You, too. Stop terrorizing the workers."

"But, we were having fun!"

"No more fun for you. Back to work."

The two ex-pilots grumbled as they trudged back to their stations. Duo shot Quatre a lopsided smirk. "You still suck at that."

"I do _not!_"

10. Blackbird Song

Thanks for the review! I just loved the idea of Duo and Quat cat-calling construction workers and poor Quat being horrible at it lol!

_Also, I have more explicit stories included in this that I can't post here. If you're interested, you can find them at my AO3. _

* * *

><p>Pairings: DuoWufei_

Type: Angst, Tragedy, Death, Yaoi

Rating: M

Warnings: Major Character Death

_Summary: __Duo reminisces about his and Wufei's life together as he listens to the blackbirds' song._

Notes: Inspired by the song Blackbird Song by Lee DeWyze. If you haven't heard it, give it a listen. It's breathtaking.

* * *

><p>Blackbird Song

Wufei always lamented blackbirds. He'd said as much as they lounged in bed, naked, on a warm, summer afternoon after they made love. The loud birds were nesting in the big tree outside the bedroom window and their high-pitched screeching drifted in, disrupting Wufei's lazy snooze.

Duo had laughed heartily and asked him why.

"They're dirty, nasty, mean, and loud."

Duo didn't tell him that he'd often thought the blackbirds reminded him of his temperamental lover. Sleek, black, elegant, and ruthless. Full of righteous indignation. If he believed in reincarnation like his lover did, he would have thought Wufei would make a perfect blackbird. As such, though, he didn't want to insult him and wind up spending the afternoon in a heated argument. He rolled over on top of his lover and kissed his bitching silent, moaning as those skillful, calloused hands tangled into his hair and pulled.

That week, Duo had spent much of his time lounging on a folding patio chair, laughing his ass off at Wufei's attempts to scare the birds away. He tried throwing things at them, tried shooting at them. He'd gone for his grenade pack when Duo decided it was time to redirect his attention to something more productive and less destructive.

"C'mon, babe. Let's not blow up the neighborhood, k?"

"Look at that! They just come right back! Arrogant little -"

Duo's kissed him and pushed him into the lounge chair, climbing up onto his lap and grinding his ass against Wufei's groin. The birds were instantly forgotten as Wufei wrapped his arms around his love and pressed his hips up into the sweet friction.

Sunday morning came and Duo walked into the bedroom to see Wufei hanging out the window, swinging a broom at the tree and hitting the branches with the handle. "Get on out of here. Come on! Out with you! _Get outta my tree!_"

Duo chuckled and set the breakfast and coffee tray on the dresser. He stalked up behind his lover and grabbed him from behind. "Gotcha!"

Wufei cursed and nearly fell out the window. Duo pulled him back in and dutifully listened to him give a stern lecture on how he'd be unable to do his missions with a broken leg. "Relax, babe. I wouldn't let you fall. Come on. I've got breakfast waiting. I made your favorite." He wagged his eyebrows at his exasperated lover.

They ate their breakfast in the bed, listening to the blackbirds screech outside and Duo could feel Wufei's stress levels increasing. "Babe, you gotta relax! You are getting too worked up over those damn birds."

He sighed. "I know. They're just so annoying. I want my peace and quiet."

"Here, lay down."

Wufei lowered himself to the bed as Duo maneuvered him onto his stomach. He swiped a bottle of lotion on the night table and sat astride his lover's ass, squeezing a dollop of the lotion onto the beautiful back and rubbed it into the golden skin. He dug his fingers deep into tense muscles and listened to Wufei moan as he went liquid beneath Duo's adept hands.

"That better?"

"Much better. Oh, yeah. right _there_." Duo pressed his knuckles into the spot just behind a prominent shoulder blade and then smoothed his hands up to the taut shoulders, then down to the small dip in his back. He dug his thumbs into the adorable dimples at the base of his lover's spine and then leaned over him, nipping at the ridges of his backbone. Wufei murmured his approval and shifted in pleasure.

"Let me flip over."

Duo lifted up to let him turn and then he started in on the firm muscles of his chest. He gave Wufei a saucy wink and said, "Got anything else you need me to massage?"

Wufei pretended to think about it. "Hmmm...there might be _one_ thing..."

Duo leaned down and swiped his tongue across Wufei's lips. "It'll cost ya."

"Whatever the price, I'll pay it," he groaned.

Smirking, Duo shimmied down and grasped the waist band of his lover's sleep pants, yanking them to his knees. He bent over to huff a soft, moist breath against the turgid flesh of Wufei's groin. Wufei shivered in pleasure as Duo licked along his length.

"Don't tease me, you beautiful bastard."

"Well, since you asked so nicely." He opened his mouth and swallowed him down, Wufei's shout drowning out the sound of the blackbirds.

Two weeks later, Wufei got a mission. Duo sipped his coffee as he watched his lover get ready to leave.

"Where is it?"

"Tokyo."

"That's quite a distance."

"Well, you know how it is. You were in Hong Kong two months ago."

"Yeah, well. I like it there. Nice place."

Wufei shot him a smirk, tugged his lover's long braid, and pulled him in for a kiss. "I'll be back soon."

"Be careful. I love you."

"Love you, too."

He didn't come back. Duo got the call from Heero four days later. Killed when the enemy caught him sneaking out of the illegal bomb factory and open fired on him. Duo didn't hear much besides, "He didn't make it, Duo," said with Heero's somber voice. The roar in his ears overpowered everything else and he dropped to his knees in shock on the kitchen floor. He knew what they did was dangerous. That there was always a risk of getting caught, or worse. But it didn't matter that he knew what the risks were. All he could think about was the fact that he'd lost someone else he loved dearly.

"It's all my fault...it's all my fault..."

"Duo, it's not your fault. It's no one's fault but the people who killed him -"

"No! Don't you see? Everyone I ever love dies! That's why I can't love. I was so stupid. So stupid to think I could have a chance and I killed him, Heero. I killed him!"

Heero tried his best to reassure him that he had not killed Wufei. That he deserved love just as much as anyone else. But Duo was inconsolable. He simply wouldn't listen. The other pilots tried to comfort him. They stayed with him, held him when he broke down, listened when he ranted and raved. Sat silently when he needed to be left alone. He'd spent a few weeks in a state of near-catatonia and

Quatre had taken to forcing food and water into him just to keep him alive. Heero and Trowa bathed and dressed him to keep him clean. It wasn't until they were so worried that they thought about checking him into a hospital that he finally snapped out of it.

"I'm okay...I'm okay. I don't need a hospital. I just need...I just need time."

And they gave it to him. He recovered though it took time, space, and unconditional love and support from his friends. It still hurt terribly, but he was able to get through the day without falling apart. Sometimes. Still, it was a vast improvement.

The following spring, he stepped out into the backyard to the tree where the blackbirds had nested to find them gone, though a baby had been left behind. Its tiny body, just barely covered in feathers, hopped around on the grass fluttering wings that just would not take flight.

"Hey there, little guy. You having trouble?" He bent down and caught the tiny creature in his hands and held it up to eye level. The little bird peeped at him as if in reply. Duo chuckled. "Seems like we're both floundering, aren't we?" The bird peeped at him again. "Two peas in a pod, I'd say. Well, I don't know much about birds, but I will try to help you if I can. I've got a nice warm place inside and at least you'll be out of the cold. I'll set you up real nice and give you some food, how's that sound?" _Peep, peep._ "Okay, I'll take that as a 'yes' then."

He walked into the house and set the bird down on a dish towel. "I gotta find out what you guys eat. I hope it's not worms, because yuck!" The bird peeped. "Well, if that's what you like, then I guess I have no choice. I'll find you the biggest, juiciest worms I can find. Sound good?" _Peep_. "Okay, it's a deal." He watched as the little guy hopped around on the table. "Hey, if we're going to get acquainted, I gotta give you a name. How 'bout Wufei?"_ Peep, peep_.

He smiled, "Wufei it is, then. Nice to meet you. I'm Duo."

11. Snooze

Pairings: Imaginary!Duo/Heero

Type: Yaoi, Humor, Crack

Rating: M

Warnings: Stupidity?

Summary: Heero has an annoying problem.

* * *

><p>Snooze

"Mmm..." Heero shifted his legs beneath the covers, the sensual feeling of the soft cotton feeding his dreaming mind lovely images of smooth limbs sliding against his own. His hand sleepily extended

outward and stroked the pillow beside him, though to him, it wasn't a pillow. It was imaginary locks of chestnut hair, long and silky, cascading over his arms and he hummed and smiled in his sleep as purple eyes gazed at him with a hunger that made his heart race.

...Beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...

His hand snaked out from under the blankets and fumbled around on the night table for the alarm clock. He tapped it blindly a few times, mumbling, "No, Doctor J...jus' five more minutes..." The cursed beeping finally stopped and he pulled his hand back under the covers, groggy brain drifting off again.

His dream lover smiled at him, calloused fingers caressing his face as their bodies slid together. Their lips joined in a mind-bending kiss and Heero pressed his face into his pillow, moaning appreciatively.

Beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...

He reached out and tapped the clock a little harder this time and huffed as it finally quieted down. "Mmm...no uppy. Still dreamy."

He felt the warm weight of dream Duo on his back, feeling his lover's hard erection slip between his thighs and he opened his legs, grinding his dick into the mattress. "Yeah...Duo...jus' like that..." He humped the bed leisurely, hips moving in slow circles as his dream lover pressed against him, beautiful lips kissing his shoulder blade.

Beep...beep...beep...beep...be - _wham!_

He grinned and snuggled back under his covers as Duo ground his cock between the cheeks of his ass and his hips juttied against the bedding, breath coming faster. "Duo...mmm...fu' me."

Is that what you want, baby? His dream lover asked, tongue slipping along the shell of his ear.

"_Yesss_...s'what I want. Want you so bad," he slurred, drooling on the pillow.

Beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...

Heero sat up and shot the alarm clock a murderous glare. He reached down and yanked the plug out of the wall. Smiling, he slunk back under the covers, nuzzling the pillows. "Now, where were we?"

You were begging me to fuck your tight little ass.

"Oh, dat's right. You gonna give it to me?"

You bet, baby. My big, hard cock is going to take you places you've never been before.

Heero nearly wept with arousal and he ground his erection down into the bed. "Give it to me, baby. I need it."

Beep...beep...beep...beep...beep

He cursed. He'd forgotten about the alarm's battery back up. He swiped his sidearm out from under the pillow, sat up, took aim, "Omae o korosu," and emptied the clip into the innocently beeping clock. He smirked at the smoking remnants, tossed the gun over his shoulder and scrunched back down under the covers. "Ninmu kanryou."

12. Overlord

Pairings: Trowa/Quatre

Type: Humor, Yaoi, Crack

Rating: M

Warnings: None

_Summary: __Poor Duo gets dragged into Trowa and Quatre's roleplay.__

* * *

><p>Overlord

Quatre maneuvered himself through the criss-crossing security laser beams looking like he was engaged in some sort of interpretive dance. His partner-in-crime, Duo, was up in the air shaft securing the bungee cord he'd used to help lower Quatre down to the main floor. He tied it around a steel beam and glanced down to see how his partner was doing. Quatre was only a few feet away from their prize now. An eleventh century Samurai sword encrusted with rubies and emeralds that was used by their client's ancestor during the Song Dynasty.

Emperor Chang Wufei had summoned the two world-renowned thieves and told them that his prized heirloom had been stolen by the neighboring ruler, Trowa Barton. The sword now stood in the central most region of the Russian lord's mansion, guarded by state-of-the-art booby traps and armed guards.

Quatre chuckled as he stepped over the unconscious body of one of the guards and shook his head. It had been a cinch to disable them. A dropped bottle of ether had done the trick. It was almost too easy. He reached the platform, breathing steadily through his gas mask as he reached nimble fingers in between the tight grid of electric beams, careful not to singe his hand. _Okay, almost there._ His hand closed around the steel sheath. _Just a little more and we're home free - shit! _

The floor opened up and the pedestal descended down through the trap door as alarms went off at ear-piercing decibels.

"Ah, _shit!_" He grabbed the sword before it could disappear beneath the floor, cringing at the painful volume of the alarms. Damn, that was loud! He glanced up at Duo who had his eyes squeezed shut and his hands over his ears. "What are you waiting for? Pull me up, you idiot!"

Duo couldn't even hear him over the shrieking sound and Quatre began to panic as a few of the guards started to come around. Luckily, they were too distracted by the alarms to do much of anything, curling up on the floor, clutching their heads. Quatre hollered at the top of his lungs and Duo finally opened his eyes.

"_Pull me up!_"

Duo got the picture and yanked on the rope. Quatre held on to the sword for dear life as his feet finally lifted off the floor. He was halfway through the vent when more guards showed up and his kicking legs nearly took a few bullets. Duo grabbed them and helped Quatre swing them up into the shaft. Quatre looped the sword's sheath strap over his back and together they crawled through the ventilation system, narrowly dodging bullets as they pierced through the steel panels. Duo shouted in pain as he was grazed in the leg, curling up around himself.

"Oh no you don't!" Quatre grabbed his arms, pulling him along. He glanced back long enough to see the wound was bleeding profusely and he cursed. He'd have to take care of that as soon as possible. Unfortunately, there was no safe place to go but up and he dragged Duo along behind him as they made their way through the maze of ducts until they reached the roof. Quatre popped the vent open and climbed out, then reached in for Duo. He quickly checked over the wound. Nothing life-threatening, but it was a bleeder. He tore off his sleeve and tied it around the injury, pulling tight to staunch the flow. Duo yelped at the sudden pressure.

"Goddamn, I knew we should have retired."

Quatre scoffed, "Oh, bullshit. I was kidding when I said that and you wouldn't retire from this if your life depended on it."

"Well, it's depending on it and I'm rethinking my life choices."

"Don't be such a baby. It's only a flesh wound."

"Says the one who _wasn't_ shot."

Quatre tried not to roll his eyes. "Okay, we've gotta find a way down from here. You got the rope?"

Duo shot him an uneasy smile. "Eh-heh. Yeah. About that..."

"Damn it, Duo!"

"Sorry! We were in a hurry. I didn't have time to untie it."

Quatre crawled over to the edge and peeked over, stomach plummeting at the cliff-side drop. "Well, we're not going down this way." He glanced over at Duo. "Can you walk?"

Duo tested his weight on his injured leg. "Uh, I think so - _ouch!_ Okay, this might be a problem."

"Well, you're going to have to try because I'm not carrying you." He helped Duo up and wrapped his arm around his waist, looping the wounded man's arm over his shoulder. "Good?"

"_Ah_...yeah, I think so."

"Good. There's a big tree over there. The branches are close enough to the roof that I think we can use it to climb down. You up to it?"

"Aw, damn, Quat. I don't know if I can." He sighed. "Go on without me. Save yourself!"

"Don't be such a drama queen, Jesus." Quatre dragged him over to the tree and glanced down. The ground below was clear. Where the hell did everybody go? This was definitely too easy. "Okay, I'm going to help you climb over. Just...sit down on the tree limb as soon as you can. You can shimmy down from there."

"Got it."

Quatre helped ease him over. Duo grabbed the branch above his head and tested the give of the tree limb with his good leg. He slowly slid his foot across the branch, then pulled his injured leg over and clung to the tree like a spider monkey. Quatre snickered.

"Hey! No laughing from the peanut gallery."

Quatre climbed over next, watching Duo closely to make sure he didn't lose his balance. "Steady now. Take it slow."

"Gee, like I didn't know that."

"Don't be a smart ass."

They inched their way down the tree, keeping a close eye out for any guards. Still, there were none. The whole place was ominously silent and Quatre cursed under his breath. Something was very wrong here.

Halfway down, Duo slipped, but Quatre grabbed his arm, his own shoulder nearly dislocating in the process. He held on tight and waited for Duo to get his footing back. Close to the bottom, Quatre told him to stop. "Let me get down first and I'll help you. I don't want you jumping on that leg."

"You're a good friend."

"Damn right I am," Quatre muttered, jumping down from the lowest branch. He adjusted the sword on his back as he glanced around. Still nothing. He shrugged and reached up, grasping Duo's legs as he slid off the branch and carefully lowered him to the ground.

He'd just gotten Duo's arm around his shoulder again when a gruff voice behind them barked, "Halt!"

"Goddamnit."

* * *

><p>Quatre pulled at the chains around his wrists as he lamented his career choice. What a load of dragon dung. He sighed and dropped his head back onto the headrest of the chair he was chained to and waited

to see what would happen next. A snore next to him made him turn his head sharply.<p>

"_Duo!_ Wake up!"

"Hnnn - wha?" He blinked over at Quatre. "Whazzit?"

Quatre shook his head and looked straight ahead. Maybe it was time to retire.

The door opened and the two straightened up as a tall, regal-looking man with brown hair and broad shoulders walked in. He said nothing as he grabbed a chair identical to the ones they were sitting on and sat down across from them. Quatre's breath hitched as a pair of striking green eyes landed on him, gazing at him with an intensity that made him shift uncomfortably. His silence was unnerving. To both of them apparently because Duo cleared his throat.

"Yeah, uh...hi. Yeah, we're just going to take that sword back that you stole from Emperor Chang and be on our way. If, you know, that's alright."

Quatre rolled his eyes as the Russian lord raised an elegant brow. "That _I_ stole?"

Duo looked at him like he was a few tools short of a full shed. "Yaaaahhhh...?"

Lord Barton leaned back in his chair and crossed delightfully long legs. Quatre bit his lip as his eyes were drawn to them. _Goddamn, but he's fine_, he thought. Then he kicked himself because now was not the time. Barton's eyes shifted to Duo, then back to Quatre and Quatre couldn't help but picture himself lying naked and ravished beneath this beautiful overlord. He bit his tongue and looked away, trying to think unsexy thoughts.

"That sword has been in my family for centuries. It was stolen from _me_. I simply took it back."

The two thieves glanced at each other. Well, this was a new development.

"But - Emperor Chang -"

"Is lying."

Duo fixed him with a dubious look, "How do we know _you're_ not lying?"

Instead of answering, Lord Barton simply pointed to a large portrait that sat over a stone fireplace. It was an old painting, from the Common Era from the looks of it. An aristocrat that looked ironically similar to Lord Barton sat upon a golden chair and in his hands was the exact same sword.

Lord Barton drummed long, tapered fingers on his knee. "So, you see. It is mine. It's always been mine."

Duo glanced at Quatre, then back at Barton. "_Ohhhhh...well. I feel sheepish. How 'bout you, Quat?"

But Quatre was speechless, breathless at the look Barton was giving him. He nodded dumbly.

"Well!" Duo tried to throw his hands up, but couldn't because of the chains. He dropped them back onto his lap. "I can see this has all been one giant misunderstanding. So, how's about you undo these chains and we'll be on our way."

"No."

They both gaped.

"Excuse me?" said Quatre.

"I said, no."

"But, it was a mistake!" Duo argued. "We didn't know it was yours. We were sent by Emperor Chang to retrieve it. We thought you stole it from him."

Barton's eyes were eerily calm, his voice soft, but commanding when he spoke. "You still broke into my compound and took something that didn't belong to you. There must be a price to be paid for that."

Quatre blinked at him. "What do you want?"

Barton got up from his chair and walked around behind him, then bent down until his mouth rested against his ear. "I'll let your friend go if you agree to warm my bed for a year."

Quatre choked and Duo protested loudly. "No fucking way! I'm not going anywhere without him. He is not a sex slave!"

"Duo -"

"And furthermore, what the hell kind of century are you living in? This ain't the dark ages, man. You can't just -"

"Duo -"

" - kind of barbaric, cyclops, sociopathic sicko are you _"

"_Duo!_"

"What?"

"It's okay."

Duo looked at him like he'd grown horns. "What do you mean 'it's okay'?"

Quatre shot him a firm look. "It's fine." He leaned his head back, looking upside down at Barton. "I'll do it. Just let him go."

"Quat!"

"Quiet, Duo."

Barton stared down at him and Quatre shivered with arousal at the dark gleam in those green eyes. Fleeting visions of painful pleasure and white hot ecstasy assaulted his mind and he almost embarrassed himself by moaning. He bit down on his tongue and smiled over at Duo.

"It's really okay. I'll be fine."

"What makes you so sure?" Lord Barton asked.

Quatre turned a heady, lust-filled gaze on him and smirked. Yes, it was definitely time for a different career path. "I just know."

Duo groaned, exasperated. "Oh, Jesus. Can I go now? Fei's making Kung Pow Chicken and I really don't want to be here when you two start going at it."

13. Last Man Standing

Pairings: Heero/Relena

Type: Angst, Drama, Tragedy

Rating: M

Warnings: Very Dark, Death, Zombie Apocalypse, Violence, A Little Gore

Notes: Written for ClaraxBarton's photo fic prompt.

* * *

><p>Last Man Standing

Heero had tried so hard. So damn hard to get back to her in time. He'd been in space, trying to keep the communication satellites going and the Earth Sphere's power grid up and running despite no longer having the personnel, much less the functioning organizations and levels of government to sustain it.

He'd sent half his crew home to be with their families as civilization continued to crumble, power structures breaking down all over the world. The power grid was weakening, blackouts occurring everywhere. By the time he got one sector up and running, three more would fail.

The virus that swept through humankind was unlike anything anyone had ever seen before. When the infected died, they would revive hours later and attack the living, tearing them apart piece by piece and consuming the flesh like ravenous animals. Infection spread through bodily fluids; saliva, blood, mucus membranes. Something as simple as a bite was enough to bring about boiling fevers, severe vomiting, and convulsions. Once infected, the mortality rate was one hundred percent.

There was no cure, no vaccine, not even treatment and the only thing that seemed to bring them down was severe brain trauma.

Of course, Heero had heard all the rumors. When it first began, the internet chatter was rampant, sometimes bordering on ridiculous. Everyone, from the most reputable scientists in virology, to the top theologians, experts on conspiracy theories, right down to the layman keyboard warriors weighed in on the phenomenon. The notion that this was a biological weapon developed by the world's governments was the leading theory, followed by doomsday prophets that "God" had finally had enough of humanity's sinful ways.

The one Heero had been most drawn to was the concept that the Earth had simply decided it was time for a cleansing. Humans had had their shot and it was time to recycle and start again. There was a certain kind of poetic justice when he thought of it that way.

It wasn't long before he was the only one left and his attempts to keep things going were in vain. He used the communications satellite to keep in contact with Relena, and she informed him of what was going on in Sanq.

Government structures were gone. Even the rioters had died down, having nothing left to steal, or destroy. They'd finally realized there was no establishment to attack anymore and when the herds of the Undead came around, they either succumbed to them, or scattered to the four winds.

Relena herself was holed up in her villa in the European countryside with her brother, Milliardo and his wife, Noin. He told her to stay there as long as it was safe and that he was going to keep trying to provide people with communications to give them a fighting chance of survival.

He'd lost contact with Duo, Trowa, Quatre, and Wufei. Couldn't even locate them with GPS. He had no idea where any of them were, or if they were even still alive.

He finally realized there was nothing he could do. He was the only one up there. Even the bits and pieces of activity he could find were getting smaller and more sparse with each passing day, eventually going completely quiet. The colonies were dark and ominously silent. Only the herds of Undead moved around them now. Heero didn't know why they tended to congregate together. Maybe some semblance of human nature still remained somewhere deep in the brain stem. But there was nothing about them that was human.

Except the savagery perhaps. That hadn't changed. Only the type of savagery had.

Humans had caused irrevocable damage to the planet and each other. Nature's response had been Undead were unleashed to clean up the remnants, scavenge what was left of the stray survivors. Eventually, everyone would be gone, even the Undead. When decomposition finally reached the tiny area of their brains that kept them going, they would also die off.

He left for his transport two weeks later, panicked when he lost contact with Relena. He flew back to Earth, hoping against hope that they'd simply moved on to another location. He returned to the villa to discover there was no hope. The Undead swarmed the house and he quickly disposed of them and ran inside, shouting for Relena.

He encountered both Milliardo and Noin, the evidence that they'd been overrun by the herd made obvious by the torn and bloody remains of their bodies as they shuffled towards him, snapping their jaws, inhuman groans and growls emitting from their throats. There was no language, no speech. Not anymore.

He choked down his dread and tried not to think too much about what had to be done. It was merciful, at least that's what he told himself. He dispatched them quickly and cleanly and bolted up the stairs, praying to deities he didn't believe in that Relena was still alive somewhere in the house.

He reached their bedroom. The door was still open and he halted just inside the threshold, his heart plummeting into his stomach.

Relena stood by the window and at first, she seemed okay. She turned at the commotion at the door and that's when he saw the blood staining the front of her dress. There was a gaping wound on her neck, a bite from the looks of it, and the amount of blood that covered her and the walls and floor indicated her jugular had been torn open.

The only comfort he allowed himself was the notion that she'd probably died quickly and relatively painlessly. He dropped to his knees as she shambled towards him, the tell tale sound of decomposing vocal chords hissing and rumbling from between her colorless lips.

His head lowered in grief and shame. He should have come sooner. Should have just accepted the fact that civilization was gone. He hadn't been able to protect her and the guilt was all-encompassing.

He stood as she came closer and he looked deep into eyes that no longer recognized him. It wasn't her. She was gone. Hopefully, gone on to a better place. But he owed her this much.

"I'm so sorry," he croaked. "I've failed you. I should have been here instead of out there. I'm so sorryâ€¦" Tears streamed down his cheeks as he pulled his knife out of the sheath attached to his waistband. He caressed her hair and she snapped at him, digging her teeth into the soft flesh of his underarm. His grieving mind didn't even register the pain. The pain was in losing her, failing her.

He drove the knife through her temple and she collapsed in his arms. He held her close and wept into her hair. Her skin was cold, unnaturally so, but he stroked it anyway, running his fingers along her chilled arm.

He had enough time to bury her in her garden before he began to show signs of infection. It was peaceful, brimming with all her favorite flowers.

He whispered, "I love you," as he set the final stone at the head of her grave and stood, closing his eyes as a soft breeze blew against his skin, just beginning to spike with fever. It wouldn't be long now.

If it wasn't for the knowledge that the end had come, it would have

seemed like a normal spring day. The birds still sang, the wind still rustled the newly emerged leaves, the sun still shone. The Earth would be fine. The rest of the creatures that inhabited it, would be fine.

"I'll see you soon."

He went back inside, to the bedroom, and sat down on the bed. He would not tarnish her final resting place with what he was about to do. He had to do it soon, before the sickness made him too weak. He fiddled with the pistol in his hands and realized that he was going to die the way he'd always known he would. By his own hand.

The time of humans was over.

14. Still Here

Pairings: Trowa/Quatre, Duo/Wufei, Duo/Hilde (past)

Type: Zombie Apocalypse, Drama

Rating: M

Warnings: Graphic Violence, Gore, Rape/Noncon

Notes: I had already started to write this story before I responded to ClaraxBarton's prompt. I decided to make it a prequel to this one, instead of having two separate zombie apocalypse stories in a row. :)

_Summary: __Sequel to Last Man Standing. The remaining four Gundam pilots fight to survive in the new world._

* * *

><p>Still Here

Duo drove the machete down into the skull of the Undead's head. Its jaws clamped and snapped for another few seconds before going lax. He stared at the rotting flesh up close and personal and sneered as its legs gave out and it finally dropped to its knees. He pressed his foot on the decomposed shoulder and wrenched the blade out of its head. It dropped face first to the ground with a sickening _splat_. He could hear another one approaching from behind, felt the cold slime of its slobber on his bare shoulder and he spun quickly, swinging the blade. It sliced through the rotted neck, the head separating from its body. Cold, congealed blood spurted out onto his arms and he shook them in disgust as he gazed at his lover with tired eyes. Wufei's eyes reflected the lassitude, identical in every way. How long had it been since they'd slept?_ Really _slept.

The remains of the small herd lay scattered around them, fallen by their hands. Duo stared up at the rising sun, breath coming hard and fast. Another day. Another day of barely getting by, surviving only to fight these Undead monsters.

The virus that caused this phenomenon spread like wildfire throughout the human population, both on Earth and in the colonies. In the early days of the outbreak, Duo had heard innumerable amounts of rumors and

conspiracy theories, many of them as outlandish as the strange anomaly itself. While the theory that the world's governments had engineered the virus was a plausible one, Duo much preferred the explanation that the Earth had simply decided it was time for a rebirthing. Overpopulation, wars, senseless violence, deforestation, famine, disease. Oh yes, they were overdue to be taken down a few pegs on the food chain. And they had, big time considering these things had a taste for human flesh. It spread so fast because a simple bite from an infected person would result in more infection, death, and finally, reanimation.

It happened quickly, too. Society fell fast and hard. The fragile grasp humankind held on civilization crumbled like dust in the wind. In less than two weeks, the intricate power grid failed, engulfing the planet and colonies in darkness. Without electronic communication, there was no way of knowing where the safe zones were, if there were any left.

Food was scarce and they had taken to scavenging what they could and hunting the rest. Thankfully, the virus seemed contained only in humans so animals were safe to eat. They ran rampant through the countryside and the cities, without mass numbers of humans to keep their population under control, which worked in their favor.

They were constantly on the move, had to be. It was impossible to settle anywhere. It was never long before a herd would find them. Before surviving stragglers would come to take what they had. Being in almost constant motion had been something they'd all done during the wars. It was something they were accustomed to so they adapted relatively quickly.

A snap of twigs and the crunch of footsteps on dead leaves alerted their senses and they turned to see Trowa and Quatre emerge from the trees with their supper. Four rabbits and Duo breathed a sigh of relief. They would eat well tonight.

They camped out under the cover of the forest. The fallen tree branches, sticks, and twigs served as an alarm system of sorts as the footsteps of the Undead, or anyone else that could cause them harm would be heard from a good distance. Still, they set up a perimeter of primitive traps with twine and tin cans. Holes, deep enough to hold the Undead, dug around their sleeping area should anything slip through. They had not only them to worry about, but also the living. It was every man for himself now. People took what they wanted through violence and force. It was a cruel and ugly world, even worse than it was before.

Killing was nothing new to any of them. They'd done plenty of it during the war and they'd done it a few times since this all began six months ago. The bloodiest had been when Quatre was ambushed in the woods while hunting. The six men intent on taking not only his kills, but also him. An enraged shout had alerted the rest of them and they'd followed the sounds of a struggle to find their friend pinned down and half naked. Trowa went into a blind rage and single-handedly slaughtered all but the rapist. Once Quatre redressed himself, he'd taken Trowa's blade, still dripping with blood, and decapitated the man. Then, he spat on the still-twitching body and walked away, his kills slung over his shoulder.

Not even post-war Quatre would have so callously spit on the bodies

of his enemies, but this was a different world. A different Quatre. They were all irreversibly changed. Harder, crueller. They had to be. It was the only way to stay alive.

Duo sipped the water that he and Wufei had gathered from a nearby creek and watched Trowa and Quatre gut and skin the rabbits. They worked quickly and quietly as they speared the meat onto sharpened sticks to cook over the fire. They had been close during the war and were even closer now. Lovers. The kind of relationship that their previous world wouldn't give them. Now, it flourished in this new world without prejudice, or pressing obligations to family.

Their group had been bigger in the beginning, over twenty survivors big, but one by one, they were taken down until only the four of them were left. Trowa's sister, Catherine, had been bitten a few months ago and succumbed to the fever the infection brought on. He had been the one to plunge his knife into her brain to prevent her from turning. It was a heartbreaking scene to watch him do it and then collapse into Quatre's arms, weeping in great gasping sobs.

Quatre had lost contact with his family even before the war. As far as he knew, they'd been taken out in napalm while gathered in a Mosque on L4. Quatre had gone to the Maguanacs stronghold in Egypt only to discover half of them had turned, the other half were in various stages of being eaten by their comrades. He'd been swarmed and barely made it out alive, fleeing to the circus to be with Trowa and Cathy. When the circus was overrun, only the three of them survived.

Duo was forced to take out Hilde fairly early on as they, and Howard were overwhelmed by a herd on L2. Hilde was bitten in the throat and bled out quickly. She'd lunged at Howard while Duo was grieving over her, sinking her infected teeth into the flesh of his arm. Duo stayed with him until he passed from the sickness, overcome with guilt that he had not taken care of her before she turned. He couldn't. It wasn't until she went after Howard, when it was too late, that he'd been able to plunge the knife into her head. He met up with Wufei at Preventers which was still relatively safe at the time. Safe, until another herd attacked Headquarters.

Communications had been failing and they were less than reliable, but Duo was able to get a message out to Quatre and Trowa and the four of them met up in Virginia, tagged along by the rest of the survivors they'd picked up along the way. They were unable to contact or find Heero. Duo assumed he'd gone to be with Relena. He could only hope wherever they were, they were safe.

Duo and Wufei developed a strong bond in the last several months since the apocalypse. Wufei didn't have anyone to tie him down even before it began and Duo had lost Hilde and Howard. Wufei was there for him when he wept and grieved over them. One thing had led to another, as they always do, and soon, they were lovers as well.

Quatre pulled two sticks of meat out of the fire and handed them to Duo and Wufei. Duo's stomach rumbled and he bit into the flesh hungrily, not missing the irony that they weren't doing anything all that different than the Undead. The only thing the Undead didn't do was cook their meat beforehand. It was gamey, a bit dry, but such was the way of things in the new world. They were happy to get what they

got.

Wufei chewed his food thoughtfully and said, "What I wouldn't give for a little orange sauce to go with this."

Duo nearly choked on a laugh, coughing around a lump of meat that lodged in his throat. Wufei shot him a wry grin and that got Quatre going. He doubled over in a fit of giggles which caused Trowa to start laughing. Soon, they were all cracking up and for a moment, it felt more like a camping trip with the guys. It was times like these that made the horrific reality of what they were dealing with worth it. Just a fleeting moment of normalcy gave the horrors of their lives purpose. The reason they fought to live another day.

It was just the four of them against the world. Against a world that wanted them dead. Much like it had been before. It would have to be enough. Enough until one, or all of them succumbed to something, whether it was disease, starvation, the Undead, or any of the ragtag surviving humans. Duo couldn't help but realize the brutality of what they'd all done. Nature was brutal. There was no way around that. They did what they had to do until Death came for them. He only wished Heero could have been there with them, but maybe he was somewhere better.

The time for humans was not over. Not as long as they still walked the Earth. Not if Duo had anything to say about it.

End
file.